

BOMBS ON LONDON OUTSKIRTS LAST NIGHT

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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One Penny.

RAIDING GOTHA BROUGHT DOWN AFTER BRIEF SKY DUEL



Officers looking at the wreckage of the Gotha which was brought down in flames from a height of 10,000ft.

Another photograph, showing the wreckage. The raider took fire after a brief fight at close range, all three members of the crew being burnt to death.

ROYAL RED CROSS FOR A DUCHESS.



The Duchess of Bedford, awarded the R.R.C. 2nd Class, for her services at the Woburn Auxiliary Hospital, Beds.



Mrs. Bruce, wife of the Hon. C. N. Bruce, whose husband has been appointed an A.D.C. on the personal staff.

GARDENER'S CLAIM TO A MARQUISATE: HEARING BEGUN.



Mr. Beresford (wearing soft hat) outside the Law Courts yesterday. With him is his sister-in-law. On her left is Mr. Bell, who is giving evidence.

REVENGE FOR THE SINKING OF A CRUISER.



The French cruiser Chateaufort settling down after being torpedoed. The enemy submarine which sank her was, in its turn, destroyed and the crew taken prisoner.



A WEEK ON DUTY.—Staff-Sgt. H. W. Abbas, R.A.M.C., awarded a bar to his D.C.M. He remained on duty day and night for a week when in charge of stretcher bearers.



The present marquis.



The sixth marquis.

The hearing of the claim to the marquisate of Waterford was begun in the Law Courts yesterday, Mr. George Beresford or Tooth being the claimant. Report on page two.

47 KILLED, 169 70 British Airmen Up—10 Gothas Get Through. FLAMING ENEMY'S END.

London Rector's Heroic Death at a Bombed Shelter.

FROM LORD FRENCH.

11.30 A.M.—Latest information shows that two groups of raiders crossed the Essex Coast and one group the Kent Coast, practically simultaneously about 8 p.m.

The two former detachments proceeded towards London on parallel courses, across Essex. The capital was approached from the east and north-east shortly after 9 p.m. Of the machines, one crossed the Kent coast two dropped bombs in the Isles of Thanet and Sheppey. The remainder, crossing the Thames Estuary, also approached East London through Essex.

Apparently about fifteen machines took part in these attacks, of which four or five reached the capital and dropped bombs in various districts between 9 and 10 p.m.

Some time after the first attack had terminated other enemy aeroplanes crossed the Essex coast. Only one of these reached London, which was entered from the north, bombs being dropped between 12.15 and 12.30 a.m.

A number of machines of the Royal Flying Corps went up. Two of our scouts encountered an enemy aeroplane over Essex.

After a brief fight at close range the raider took fire and fell in flames to the ground 10,000 ft. below. All three members of its crew were burnt to death.

Several other engagements with enemy machines are reported by our pilots, one of whom pursued a raider across the coast and fought an indecisive engagement over the sea.

All our pilots returned safely.

Reports of casualties will be published when complete lists have been received.

A later bulletin stated: The latest police reports state that the casualties caused by last night's air raid in all districts visited by enemy aeroplanes were:—

	Men.	Women.	Children.
Killed	14	17	17
Injured	93	59	17
Total killed, 47; total injured, 169.			

With the exception of one killed and seven injured, all the above casualties occurred in London. Material damage is not serious.

SEVENTY AEROPLANES GO UP.
In the House of Commons yesterday Mr. Macpherson said a proper estimate of the number of aeroplanes reaching London last night might be put at ten.

Mr. Macpherson stated that about seventy of our aeroplanes went up last night against enemy raiders.

Mr. Lough asked whether there were a large number of casualties caused not by bombs but by crowding in air shelters.

Mr. Macpherson: There were, I regret to say, some, but very few.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.
Bombs were dropped on London and Sheerness with good effect.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

RAID SHELTER HIT.

An important section of a building in London suffered very severely, and looked yesterday as if it might have been cut in two halves by a huge guillotine. Beneath the ruins there were believed to be still some dead bodies.

A large number of people, mostly women and children, had taken shelter in the basement, and it is feared that the casualties among these are heavy.

The precise number who took refuge here cannot be known until the debris has been removed.

A considerable number of soldiers on leave from the front, principally Canadians and Australians, were in the building.

MOONLIGHT TABLE.

The moon is on the wane. The hours of rising and setting for the next two days are:

Wednesday	8.52 p.m.	8.42 a.m.
Thursday	9.08 p.m.	8.58 a.m.

Italians, gave splendid help in getting out the dead and wounded. The wounded were conveyed to hospitals in the neighbourhood.

A Canadian soldier on leave who assisted in this work hesitated to say much about the rescue scenes. He summed up his impressions in the phrase: "It isn't war, but the slaughter of innocent women and children."

A fifteen-year-old boy named Hensley, whose face and head were bandaged, and whose younger brother was also hurt, said: "We got out of the place immediately before it burst into flames. We happened to be near the door. I saw a clergyman down in the basement speaking to the women and children."

Another man who was in the basement described how he and others were singing to the children. Several youngsters went to sleep and we put them to lie down in a corner, just a minute before the bomb fell. The sleeping children were buried alive.

HURT IN RAID.

One of the most touching stories centres around the death of a well-known London rector in whose parish bombs were dropped.

Though he was seventy years of age, it was his custom, whenever air-raid warnings were given, to start on a round of visits to the various places where the people shelter. He calmly faced all risks, and his cheery presence and reassuring words used to make the nervous ones almost forget the threatened danger.

As usual, he called at a police station where about 300 people had assembled, and had a bright little talk with them, afterwards leaving for a large shelter about a short distance away. There, unfortunately, he met his death with others, for the place was extensively damaged.

Many of his parishioners were in tears when they heard that his body had been removed from the debris.

16 KILLED IN RUSH.

Sixteen persons were killed and a number were injured as the result of a stampede in the East End. The dead comprise six men, five women, four boys and two little girls.

It has been the custom, as soon as official warning has been given, to open the large gate, which leads into a very long arch, where cover can be obtained by some 3,000 to 4,000 people, and also to buildings which afford safe accommodation to an even greater number.

News that the special constables had been called out spread with such rapidity that thousands of people began to arrive at this place before the authorities received the official intimation.

Practically all of those who were rushing for safety were of alien nationality, and when they found that they could not go straight to the arch or the buildings they became terribly excited.

The discharge of the rockets increased the excitement, and terrible scenes were witnessed. Some fifteen people were crushed or trampled to death, including five little children, the youngest being only two.

Two little children were found bending over a woman and crying, "Mother, mother!" The woman died as an inspector placed her on an ambulance.

"STRAFING" SNIPERS.

Scottish Rifleman Who Continually Led Raids on Enemy Strongholds.

Stirring stories of the way in which our gallant lads have been dispatching German snipers are told in the *London Gazette*.

One of the heroes of these encounters is Private W. S. Lund, of the Scottish Rifles (Bolton), who has been awarded the D.C.M. for continually leading assaults on enemy strongholds which were "full of snipers and machine guns."

Using his rifle with great skill, he shot, bayoneted or captured the occupants. Finally he was wounded when advancing, regardless of danger, against a hostile machine gun in a concrete emplacement.

Pioneer W. T. Smith, R.E., attached R.F.C. (Kensal Rise, N.W.) (D.C.M.).

Having shot down an enemy machine, his own pilot was wounded, and fell forward insensible. Pioneer Smith then climbed forward along the plane and got the machine under control.

When the officer partially recovered, he remained standing in the face of the fuselage shouting words of encouragement to him.

The King has awarded the Military Medal to Sister Ellen King, Q.A.I.M.N.S. (R.), for bravery and devotion to duty on the occasion of a hostile air raid on a casualty station.

CLAIMS TO BE A MARQUIS

Another Chapter in a Remarkable Legitimacy Suit.

The hearing of the claim to the marquise of Waterford was commenced yesterday before Mr. Justice Coleridge.

The suit was that of Bernard v. the Attorney-General and others and concerned the legitimacy of George Beresford (or Tooth), who claims to be the sixth baron of Waterford.

Mr. Alexander Cairns (for petitioner) said the respondents were the present holder of the title, the Earl of Donoughmore and Lord Decies as trustees of the Waterford estates, and the Attorney-General.

Petitioner, who was stated to be a working gardener, asked for a declaration that he was the legitimate son (born on March 29, 1873) of the fifth Marquis of Waterford and his wife, Florence Grosvenor, the divorced wife of the Hon. John Vivian, married on August 9, 1872.

Respondents repudiated this and claimed that petitioner was the son of Georgina Tooth, sister of a cook employed by the Beresford family, and was born at the City-road Workhouse on January 25, 1872.

MYSTERY OF OFFICER'S DEATH.

The body of a young officer wearing an identity disc bearing the name, Lieutenant E. W. Hughes (Army Veterinary Corps), has been found in the grounds of an unoccupied house at New Brighton.

The man had been shot through the temple. There was a revolver in the right hand, and a bottle, presumably containing poison, was found close by.

RATIONED LARDERS.

What You Will Get and What You Must Do.

COUPONS FOR BUTCHERS.

Full particulars of the scheme of rations for London and the Home Counties, which it is expected will come into operation on February 25, were issued last night in a special memorandum.

Here are the principal points to be noted: **What Will Be Rationed.**—Butter, margarine and meat, the latter including suet and sausages, bacon and ham, cooked, tinned, preserved and prepared meats, venison and horse meat, poultry, hares, rabbits and game.

Quantity of Ration.—The weekly allowances may be varied from time to time. At the outset, the ration of butter and margarine will probably be four ounces per head, including children. The amount of meat ration will be announced later. There will be one level ration for all adults and a half ration for children under ten years of age.

Two Food Cards.—Each individual will have two food cards. There will be a meat card and a food card. The meat card will have detachable coupons. Children will have a special meat card.

How You Will Make Your Purchases.—Upon receipt of their cards from the local food offices customers must register with a shopkeeper by filling up a counterfoil and lodging it with the retailer. This must be done before February 18.

PRISON FOR HOARDERS.

Lord Rhondda is issuing a circular to food control committees on the subject of prosecutions for food hoarding.

He is emphasising the importance of pressing for substantial penalties and for confiscation and imprisonment in suitable cases.

MARQUIS'S AFFAIRS.

Creditors' Meeting Appoint Trustee
—Lord Rotherham's Position.

At a further meeting of the creditors of Charles Gordon, Marquis of Huntly, held at the London Bankruptcy Court yesterday, to consider a proposal for the arrangement of his affairs, the Official Receiver stated that a proposal had been submitted, but it was not of such a nature as was likely to be entertained.

A resolution for bankruptcy was passed, with Mr. P. S. Salmon as trustee, but the chairman



Marquis of Huntly. Lord Rotherham said that the Court would not make an order for adjudication whilst a proposal was before the Court.

At the same court the affairs of Lord Rotherham of Strathmore and Gordon, Marquis of Melior, upon an appointment to hear an application for the approval of a composition of 6s. in the pound accepted by the creditors, payable forthwith, and the rescinding of the receiving order.

The proofs and probable claims are estimated at about £142,000. The Official Receiver reported that the sum of £36,000 was required under the schedule and of £23,000 had been paid into court on account.

MILK FOR HER DOG.

Wealthy Woman Leaves £10 for Biscuits for Fritz.

Mrs. Eleanor Fanny Jackson, of St. Albans Priory, Wallingford, Berks, who died in December last, left £16,755.

She left £10 to the person whom the executors shall choose as custodian of her Pomeranian dog Fritz for the purchase of milk and biscuits for him.

MUNITIONS EXPLOSION HEROES.

The King has conferred membership of the Order of the British Empire upon Frank Slater, chemist, Mrs. Holliam, supervisor, George R. Norris, chief clerk, Gordon Mitchell, plumber, John H. Bradford, labourer, and Arthur Keeling, fireman, in recognition of their courage and sense of duty on the occasion of a munition works explosion at Ashton-under-Lyne on June 13, when forty-five persons were killed and nearly 200 injured.

THE PRINTERS' BIT.

At the request of the Minister of Munitions, a representative committee of the London and Provincial Printers and Publishers is formulating a scheme for securing the release of printers' and compositors from the importation of foodstuffs.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

So great has been the demand for "Canada in Khaki," No. 2, that the edition is nearly exhausted, and readers who have not yet secured a copy should lose no time in placing their orders. The volume is on sale at all newsagents and bookstalls. Price 3s.

LORD DERBY ON THE CAMBRAI AFFAIR.

War Minister's Answer to Mr. Smallwood's Speech.

ARMY PROMOTIONS.

Cambray, Mr. Smallwood's statement about his sons, and the question as to whether the War Office was making the most of New Army officers were dealt with by Lord Derby in a speech at the Aldwych Club yesterday.

Regarding Cambray, Lord Derby said General Smuts had examined the evidence and had come to the conclusion that those responsible for resisting the German attack had done all in their power, and no blame could be attached to them. Other points were:—

"You must always take risks in war, and there is no doubt a certain risk was taken by holding this part of the line."

"The divisions were down in strength, there is no doubt about that."

"A simple break was made in this case. The troops in support were overwhelmed before they could put up the resistance which, under ordinary circumstances, they had not been rushed, so to speak, they would have put up. Reserves were at once brought up and the position was more or less regained."

"This is a thing which may happen, and has happened, in practically every war, and which may, and certainly will, happen again before we get to the end of this war. No general in the world can make provision against it."

"Our lesson was that we must send out all the men we could in order to keep battalions up to strength."

"SET ITS TEETH."

"Don't get rattled. That is the one thing this country has got to set its teeth and its mind against—that is getting rattled."

Lord Derby expressed intense sympathy with Mr. Smallwood, M.P., and in contradicting some of the statements he begged them to believe that he was not acting with the soullessness of which Mr. Smallwood complained.

He denied the charge of soullessness against the War Office with respect to hospital treatment of relatives of patients abroad.

Lieutenant Smallwood was suffering from tetanus, supervening on a wound.

On the night of May 21 absolute quiet was essential if he were to recover, and for this reason it was considered advisable by the medical officer that the parents should not remain and they were asked to withdraw. They were accommodated in a hostel within a minute's walk of the hospital.

On May 22, when the patient was critically ill, an injection of anti-tetanus serum was given as a forlorn hope, after consulting the parents and at their wish.

The parents were asked to leave for a short time while the operation was being performed, but were brought back when the operation was over and remained with him till he died.

Lord Derby dealt with the question of making the best use of new Army brains, and read a letter from Sir Denis Hall, which the latter said: "I can assure you that it has been my unceasing effort to bring merit and brains to the front from wherever they can be found."

The number of men belonging to Territorials and the New Army who have either been specially commissioned for special posts or taken out of the ranks to fill those posts amounts to 9,516.

Sir Douglas Haig's new chief of staff—a most brilliant soldier—left the Army as a major and became a brilliant man of business in London.

There is gallant young Fitzroy, called young Bradford, who was little more than a schoolboy when the war broke out, and was killed as a brigadier, and young Asquith, a Cambridge University college, has become a most efficient General Staff officer.

NEWS ITEMS.

Rev. E. H. Moss Dead.—The Rev. Edward Henry Moss, rector of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, died yesterday.

Halfpenny Omnibus Fares to Stop.—All the halfpenny fares of the London General motor omnibuses, with three or four exceptions, will be withdrawn on February 1.

Dog Hero's Medal.—The bronze medal of the Canine Defence League has been awarded to the Gohin, a Blenheim spaniel, for giving warning of fire at Corby Castle, Carlisle.

WINDSOR RACING PROSPECTS.

A continuation of the recent fine weather is all that is needed to ensure a successful season at Windsor. The course is in the best condition, the entries are numerous, and the arrival list is a satisfactory one. My selections for to-day are:—

12.40.—SQUARE CUT. 2.0.—WHITE PROPHET.
1.5.—E.R. 2.35.—SON OF MELTON.
1.55.—SERGEANT. 2.50.—BEINSTEIN.

MURPHY.
DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.
SERGEANT MURPHY and *BERNSTEIN.
BOUYERIE.

AR RAID ON OUTSKIRTS OF LONDON LAST NIGHT

Hostile Machines Fail to Penetrate Defences of Capital—Kent and Essex Routes.

SOME BOMBS DROPPED BY ATTACKERS.

New Italian Offensive—Heights Stormed and 1,500 Prisoners Taken—Our Two Losses in the Channel.

FROM LORD FRENCH.

Wednesday Morning.

12.30 A.M.—Hostile aeroplanes crossed the coasts of Essex and Kent about 9.30 p.m., and some machines attempted to penetrate into London about an hour later.

Up to the present none has succeeded in penetrating the London defences, but some bombs have been reported as having been dropped in the outskirts.

The raid is still in progress.

ITALIANS STORM ENEMY HEIGHTS EAST OF ASIAGO.

Over 1,500 Prisoners Taken—12 Foe Planes Downed.

ITALIAN OFFICIAL.

At dawn yesterday our infantry stormed the infantry positions on the heights to the east of the Asiago basin, broke through the enemy at several points, overcoming the stubborn defence of the enemy, and afterwards resisting his violent counter-offensives.

By evening about 1,500 prisoners, including sixty-two officers, had already passed into the collecting stations.

Numerous hostile machines were attacked and repulsed, while ten of them were brought down by our air and two by the French.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

On the plateau on the Setta Communi violent fighting has broken out again. The Italians attacked yesterday with strong forces on the sectors east of Asiago as far as the Brenta, Monte Sisemol and to the west their attack broke down for the most part in front of the Austro-Hungarian positions, and under their fire. The Monte di Val Bella, on which they



were able for a time to gain a foothold, was wrested from them again in a counter-attack.

In the region of the Col del Rosso and between the Frenzella Ravine and the Brenta our allies, after bitter fighting, threw back the enemy who advanced to the attack.

The repeated attempts of the enemy to widen local breaches by bringing up reserves broke down with heavy losses. Ten officers and 350 men were taken prisoners.

"SNAPPING" DISTANT AIR SHEDS AND DEFENCE LINES.

British Drop 6½ Tons of Bombs on Foe Railways and Billets.

BRITISH AIR OFFICIAL.

9.35 P.M.—Our aeroplanes took advantage of the good visibility prevailing on the 28th inst. to carry out a large amount of work in conjunction with our artillery and to photograph the enemy's distant aerodromes and lines of defence.

During the day they dropped 400 bombs on various objectives, including Roulers, Menin, and an aerodrome near Tournai.

Several thousand rounds were fired from our machines at enemy troops in the trenches and on roads in the back areas.

Air fighting was continuous throughout the day, and resulted in two hostile machines being shot down and six others being driven down out of control.

Three of our machines are missing.

During the night of the 28th-29th our aeroplanes were unable to leave their aerodromes until 2 a.m. owing to a heavy mist. Nevertheless over six and a half tons of bombs were dropped on the enemy billets, railway stations and trains, and two night-flying aerodromes near Ghent and Tournai.

All our machines returned from these bombing raids.

BRITISH NAVY SUSTAIN TWO CHANNEL LOSSES.

Sixteen Lives Lost—Gunboat Sunk in Collision.

BRITISH ADMIRALTY OFFICIAL.

H.M.S. Mechanician (armed escort's vessel) was torpedoed and subsequently stranded in the English Channel on 20th inst.

She has become a total wreck. Three officers and ten men were lost.

H.M.S. Hazard (torpedo gunboat) was sunk in the English Channel on 28th inst. as the result of a collision. Three men were lost.

All the next of kin have been informed.

GOEBEN NO LONGER ON SHORE AT NAGARA POINT.

British Airmen Discover Disappearance in Midnight Flight.

ADMIRALTY OFFICIAL.

The British Commander-in-Chief has reported that a reconnaissance carried out about midnight on Sunday established the fact that the Goeben was no longer on shore at Nagara Point.

[The Turkish official issued yesterday stated that the Goeben had been refloated and had re-entered the Dardanelles.]

HEAVY BARRAGE RAID OF THE HUNS FAILS.

German Guns Active About Ypres and Arras.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

9.35 P.M.—Early this morning the enemy attempted to raid one of our posts south of the River Scarpe under cover of a heavy barrage.

The raiding party was repulsed with loss without succeeding in entering our trenches.

The enemy's artillery has been active about Arras and Ypres during the day.

9.54 A.M.—A hostile raiding party was driven off during the night in the neighbourhood of Arleux-en-Gohelle.

One of our patrols which left our lines north-east of Ypres on the night of the 27th-28th inst. has not returned.

'HOSPITALS BOMBED' TALE

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

German Crown Prince's Front—Lively local fighting developed in Champagne. French raids on a small scale broke down on both sides of the St. Hilaire-St. Souple road.

Our positions between the roads leading from Somme-Py and Ripont to the south-east were subjected during the early afternoon to a very violent bombardment.

Under cover of this bombardment French infantry with flame-throwers made strong reconnaissance attacks on several points of our front.

They were driven back and lost heavily. Lively firing activity led to numerous duels in the air. We brought down yesterday thirteen enemy aeroplanes and one captive balloon.

French aviators continued their attacks on our hospitals. Several times during the month of December they dropped bombs on the hospital buildings of Bethel, and during the last few days they have attacked the buildings of Labry (east of Conflans).—Admiralty per Wireless.



It is reported that Red Guards have captured Helsinki.

RED GUARD CAPTURE THE CAPITAL OF FINLAND.

Helsingfors in Bolshevik Hands—Fighting in Viborg.

COPENHAGEN, Monday.—The special correspondent of the National Tidende at Stockholm telegraphs: The Red Guard has now entirely conquered Helsingfors.

It is unknown whether M. Svinhufvud and the Government have succeeded in escaping.

The city has all the time been under the menace of big guns of the Russian warships and fortifications of Sveaborg, which are controlled by the Red Guard.

It is reported that several Swedish subjects were murdered.

Since Saturday evening a violent fight has been raging in Viborg.—Exchange.

According to a Reuter's message from Stockholm, a telegram has been received from Haparanda stating that all southern Finland as far as Tammerfors is in the hands of the Red Guards, supported by Russian soldiers. The telegraph station and other public buildings have been occupied by the Guards, who have abolished the Senate and proclaimed a Bolshevist Government in Finland.

The Stockholm Central News correspondent reports that the Finnish Minister in Petrograd officially inquired of the Bolshevik War Minister as to the official attitude of the Russian Government in regard to the civil war in Finland, and that the reply was—

The social revolution has now begun in Finland, and the Russian Government, in accordance with its principles, is obliged to support the proletariat in Finland in its struggle against the Finnish bourgeoisie. The Minister added that he had sent assistance to the Red Guard, and would continue to do so.

NOT ON GERMAN TERMS.

Trotsky, in addressing congresses, declared that the Allies were responsible for Germany's heavy terms, which he considered quite unacceptable. He was going back to Brest with two convictions: 1. That Russia had backed out of an Imperialist war and would not return to it; and 2. that he would not sign peace on German terms.—Exchange.

Lenin has ordered the immediate departure of the Rumanian Legation at Petrograd.—Reuter.

FRENCH DROP SIX TONS OF BOMBS ON FOE.

Fine Raid on Railways, Factories and Aviation Grounds.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

The afternoon French official stated that on January 27 a French air squadron dropped six tons of explosives on the railway stations of Conflans, the factories of the St. Privat region and various aviation grounds in the enemy zone.

One German aeroplane downed; three fell damaged.

There were fairly violent artillery actions in the region of the Four de Paris, as well as at the Heismannswellerkopf.

In Upper Alsace, after a short artillery preparation, our detachments penetrated deeply into the enemy's organisations south-east of Seppois le Haut.

They destroyed a number of dugouts and brought back prisoners.

Night.—In Alsace an enemy attempt on our small posts at Schonholz was completely repulsed. The enemy left some prisoners in our hands.

There was an intermittent cannonade on the rest of the front.—Central News.

R.N.A.S. BOMB HANGARS.

ADMIRALTY AIR OFFICIAL.

During January 23 a bombing raid was carried out by naval aircraft on the enemy aerodromes at Aertreyke and Engel.

Many bombs were dropped on objectives.

During the usual fighter patrols two enemy machines were brought down out of control.

All our machines returned safely.

100,000 ON STRIKE IN BERLIN.

Movement Spreads to Rhine-land Factories.

SOCIALISTS' ARREST.

AMSTERDAM, Tuesday.—A report from Berlin states that the Government has decided to arrest six Independent Socialist leaders, including three members of the editorial staff of the *Leipziger Volks Zeitung*.

It is rumoured that Adolph Hoffmann, the Independents' leader in the Prussian Diet, has been arrested.—Exchange.

It is estimated, says another Amsterdam telegram, that 100,000 strikers are out in Berlin.

The movement is particularly grave in the suburbs of Lichterfelde, Heringsdors and Johannisthal, where the great electrical works and aeroplane factories are situated.

Strikes have also broken out in the big industrial centres of the Rhineland and Westphalia.

APPEAL FOR GENERAL STRIKE.

ZURICH, Tuesday.—Count Hertling had a lengthy conference with the military commandant at Berlin to-day concerning the strikers. The troops are to be confined to barracks, and the officers have been instructed to use indulgence and prudence.

Independent Socialists and supporters of the imprisoned Liebknecht are issuing pamphlets widespread advocating a general strike, and are recommending the strikers to overthrow the Government and to destroy the bourgeoisie and to proclaim a republic.—Central News.

A semi-official telegram from Berlin, says Reuter, asserts that the great strike announced to begin on Sunday by means of leaflets distributed broadcast did not materialise.

AMSTERDAM, Tuesday.—A thoroughly trustworthy report from Kiel states that the workers in the torpedo factory at Friedrichsort struck work on Friday afternoon in consequence of a number of their leaders having been called upon to join the army.

On Saturday morning the employees in the Germania Dockyard struck.—Exchange.

PEACE DEMANDS.

COPENHAGEN, Tuesday.—A message from Berlin states that at the trade union meeting-house a meeting was held yesterday, at which strike leaders met and set forth as their principal demands peace, equal suffrage, new arrangements for food supplies and the release of the arrested leaders.

A committee of nine were elected to negotiate with the Government.—Exchange.

ENTENTE PREMIERS MEET IN PARIS TO-DAY.

Opening of Another Series of Historic Conferences.

PARIS, Tuesday.—Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Milner, General Afriani, Italian Minister of War, arrived here at 7.45 last evening by special train from Calais.—Reuter.

PARIS, Tuesday.—Mr. Lloyd George is staying at Versailles. He took a long walk this morning in the famous park, and came to Paris in the afternoon.

Signor Orlando and Baron Sonnino, who arrived in Paris this morning, are also staying at Versailles.

The conferences will start to-morrow.—Exchange.

"500,000 AMERICANS IN FRANCE EARLY THIS YEAR."

Mr. Baker's Address to the Senate Military Committee.

"We shall have half a million men in France early this year, and are prepared to send 1,500,000."

Thus spoke Mr. Baker, United States Secretary for War, addressing the Senate Military Committee, says a Reuter telegram.

"There are now in the United States sixteen National Army camps and sixteen National Guards camps (thirty-two divisions) filled with men ready to go to France."

He added that it had been the policy of the War Department to send men to Europe as rapidly as the production capacity of the country was able to provide for them.

Mr. Baker said that every soldier who needs a rifle has one. Defending the lack of Lewis machine guns, he reiterated that General Pershing did not want Lewis guns for the ground forces, but for aviation.

Many times the number of men had gone to France than it was expected would be there by this time.

WOMEN IN THE NEWS.



The Hon. Monica Grenfell, Lord Desborough's daughter, who is now doing masquerade work. She has married Mr. P. 1140



Mrs. Dennis Neilson Terry (Miss Mary Glynn), who has given birth to a daughter. She appeared in "The Aristocrat." P. 11924

TANK SURPRISES THE CHINESE



An imitation tank which took part in the festivities held at Hong Kong on St. Andrew's Day in aid of the Scottish Red Cross. The natives viewed its appearance in the streets with amazement. P. 11925 B

MUTTON IN EMBRYO—WOMEN WORKERS TEND THE LAMBS.



Building huts for the sheep and lambs.



Miss Hatchwell.

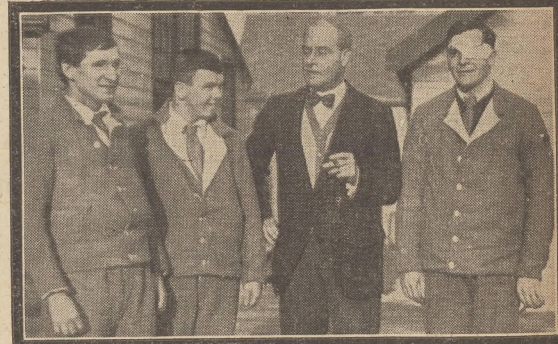
Miss Hatchwell formerly worked at a recruiting office, but has left the city for the country, and now looks after the lambs, which are being reared with the greatest care.

W.A.A.C.s ON PARADE—ADDRESS BY LORD TREOWEN.



Lord Treowen addressing a detachment of Waacs outside the City Hall at Cardiff, where they were reviewed by Mrs. Gwyn Vaughan, chief controller of the corps in France. P. 2058

BLIND MEN REPATRIATED.



Sir C. Arthur Pearson talking to blind soldiers at St. Dunstan's Hostel. They have just returned from Germany. P. 2251

MOTHER RECEIVES HER DEAD SON'S MEDAL



General Sir William Piteairn Campbell presenting the Military Medal to the mother of a dead soldier at Cardiff. P. 11219



"THE LILAC DOMING."—Miss Clare Butterworth, who will appear in this new musical comedy to be produced shortly. P. 119858



WORKING IN FRANCE.—The Hon. Lettice Digby, daughter of Lord and Lady Digby, who is now at a hospital in France. P. 119442A



A BRIDE TO BE.—Miss Apsey Smith, daughter of Colonel W. Apsey Smith, C.B., who is engaged to Mr. John Phillips, A.M.C. P. 119444

ARTFUL DODGES BY BUTTER SMUGGLERS.



Girl members of the Food Controller's staff in Ireland searching parcels for butter, the export of which is forbidden. All sorts of dodges are adopted and a large staff is thus kept busy. P. 11613A

TRAITS OF
INTEREST.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS FROM ITALY AND THE EAST.



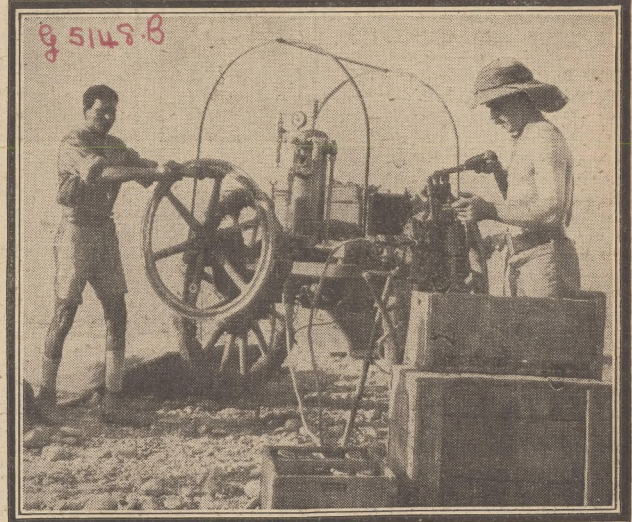
F. H. Colebrook, who is to be decorated with the M.C. by the King at today's Investiture at the Palace.



Cleaver, one of the leaders at Mrs. Winston Churchill's canteen at London. Her husband, Col. Cleaver, is in France.



A heavy gun in action on the Mesopotamia front—



—And a regimental soda factory. Two a day is the allowance.



British and Italian airmen are now great friends. Working together they have proved too good for the enemy.



A scene outside a billet. British soldiers performing their morning ablutions in Italy.—(Official photographs.)



RAID "AT HOMES."—Lady Swaythling, who keeps child an amused during air raids by reading aloud to them.



A WAR WORKER.—The Countess of Chichester, wife of the present Earl. She was Miss Ruth Buxton before her marriage in 1903.

CATCHING RATS FOR THE ARMY.



Five hundred live rats are supplied weekly to the Government by aackriars firm. When the soldiers enter the gas chamber for mask all a rat is released, and after running a yard or two drops dead, thus providing an ocular demonstration to the men

RAILINGS FOR SHELLS.



The ornamental railings outside the Calton Prison, in Edinburgh, which, it is suggested, should be used for making shells.

WAR WORK AT THE ACADEMY.



The workrooms at the Royal Academy are under the control of the Countess of Gosford (in circle). The workers devote four half-days a week to knitting and sewing for the soldiers.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1918.

THE ARMY AND THE NATION.

LORD DERBY'S speech at the Aldwych

Club yesterday afternoon did not add greatly to our knowledge of the matters that have lately been agitating the public mind; and it was no doubt not intended to do so. But on two points he was reassuring.

He was in favour of giving publicity as far as possible to the details of military matters, and he recognised the need of securing "harmony" and confidence between the Army—let us rather say the Higher Command of the Army—and the civilian population at home.

The two points are connected, or really one; since you can best secure or restore confidence in the Army by letting the public know the facts of military events. This is obvious; but Lord Derby knows, and will forgive us for saying, that this has not hitherto been done.

Much of the speech was then directed to an examination of the two cases of Mr. Smallwood and Cambrai.

No further argument need be indulged in regarding either of them; because they are but typical cases—the latter especially—and it is to evade the point, to use them as *exceptions*, and so to divert attention from many other instances of what we can best, because least controversially, call "public disappointment" with military results.

Nor is it in the least to the point that the Press focuses or accentuates public doubt or criticism.

If no newspaper appeared in London or Britain, but say a *Dug-Out's Post* or a *Hands-Off-Failures Gazette*, the criticism would exist in a million British homes, in a million streets; the doubts, too, would exist, even if silenced, in a million minds. And it is allowable to question whether Lord Derby and the War Office sufficiently realise the important bearing those public doubts or difficulties—whether expressed or not—have upon the issue of "pacifism" and the war.

If you want to kill the wrong sort of "pacifism" (which we had better call by our French friends' more accurate name of "defeatism") your surest and swiftest method will be to hold out reasonable hopes of victory in a military sense.

Continued reverses and thoughts of the "impenetrability" of the western front have their irresistible influence upon pacifist thought, though many advocates of immediate peace fail to see it. Reasonable hope in victory, then, needs to be stimulated. "Do it well or stop," says the Prime Minister, in a phrase understood by all men.

And how can you give, or give back to, the public that hope in forthcoming results?

Certainly not by the former lamentable boasting and prophesying, founded on fatal underestimate of the tasks in hand; but rather by supplying the public with *proof* that the best brains are filling the highest places in an Army that now includes nearly the whole manhood of our race.

The proof can only be supplied by keeping to the principle of "enough men, guided by the best brains"; and by resting the final responsibility for military failure on those in command of definite and purely military operations.

For the man in the street is able, at this stage, to see that the incompetent soldier alone attributes failure to lack of men, since a competent soldier does not enter upon any vital operation without sufficient men. The attrition and "more men" theorists must try to convince the average man, then, first, instead of throwing their hand-grenades, or rather firing their obsolete blunderbusses, at the Press, or that portion of the Press which claims the honour of disagreeing with their fatuities.

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The power of training and habit is very great: they teach us to bear fatigue and to despise wounds and pain.—Cicero.



Mrs. Pellett, daughter-in-law of General Sir Henry Pellett, of Toronto. Her husband is with the Canadians.



Mrs. Sidney Pitt, who with other well-known ladies is running a canteen for our men in France.

1918's FIRST RAID.

A Fusion in the Commons—Lord Derby and the Aldwych Club.

LONDON was a town of drowsyheads yesterday. Fritz kept most people up after their usual bedtime the night before. While the raid was "on" Londoners showed the calm for which they are now famous to a greater degree than ever. The theatres "rang up" as usual, a boxing bout was battled out to the sound of the guns, and even the players in a

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Lord Derby at the Aldwych.—The Aldwych Club is proud of the distinguished persons who address its fortnightly gatherings. Gathering in Lord Derby yesterday, the club will not be content with anyone less than the Premier himself soon.

Another Rumour Killed.—Members filled the great hall at the Connaught Rooms to hear the War Minister tell them some interesting things about the alleged "soulless methods" of the War Office. But they were even more interested in his assurance that there was not a word of truth in the rumours that he and two famous generals were at daggers drawn.

Racing in Munland.—One of the "returns" from Ruhlberg tells me that though several English jockeys have been released to ride, P. Winter, the Kaiser's jockey, is still interned.

Making Friends.—In the precincts of the House lately I have noticed several pacifist

Nursing in France.—Miss Violet de Trafford, I hear, is leaving England for France in order to take up nursing in the hospitals there. It was only recently that her engagement to Lord Burghersh was broken off owing to religious differences. Sir Humphrey de Trafford's only daughter is pretty and popular and a sportswoman of the best. Her two elder brothers are both serving—one in the Coldstreamers and one in the Intelligence Department.



Miss Violet de Trafford.

Posthumous.—The tiny baronet, Sir John Swinerton Dyer, who succeeded last year when his gallant father, Sir John Swinerton Dyer, of the Scots Guards, was killed in action, now has a little sister. Lady Dyer had the gift of a daughter on Monday.

Decorated Duchess.—The Duchess of Bedford, who has just been awarded the Royal Red Cross for her work at the hospital at Woburn, has long taken an interest in nursing. She is the daughter of Archdeacon Tribe.

Another R.R.C.—Lady Sargent, who has a similar decoration, is the wife of the Chancery Judge. She is equally well known in Hampstead and at Walmer, where her hospital is situated.

Youthful Prima Donna.—I am interested to hear that when the deputation from Swansea Corporation called on Mme. Patti at Craig-y-Nos to thank her for her gift to the town of a winter garden the prima donna, despite her seventy-five years, was full of vivacity.

Double Event.—The visit was the more happy because it coincided with the anniversary of the great singer's marriage to Baron Cederstrom, and congratulatory messages were coming in all the time.

Unmistakable.—Miss Gertie Millar told me yesterday that one of the queerest letters she had received was from a Canadian admirer, who wrote appealingly: "When you leave the theatre to-night please speak to me. You'll recognise me as I shall be chewing gum."

The Jersey Lily.—A playlet which we have seen before, "Ashes," still served Mrs. Langtry for her reappearance at the Coliseum this week. The famous beauty, for whom Time seems to stand still, acted with a great sense of character, I thought, and was ably supported by Mr. Pearce and Mr. Deas.

Sugar for Wounds.—An Army doctor recently home from France tells me that one of the most useful discoveries in the war has been that powdered sugar is one of the finest dressings for contaminated wounds.

"Canada in Khaki."—If Lord Rhondda will excuse the metaphor, "Canada in Khaki" II. is going off like hot cakes. This bundle of good pictures and good reading would give great joy to your friend in camp or hospital, and the price is but 3s.

Anglo-Italian.—Here you see Viscount Hythe, who appears on Friday in the unfamiliar role of a lecturer. He then discourses on "Anglo-Italian Trade Relations" to the London Chamber of Commerce. The talk was the fruit of an inquiry which he recently conducted in Italy. The Viscount, who is Lord Brassey's son and heir, is a fine horseman 'cross country, and at Eton and Oxford was known as "Tab."



Viscount Hythe.

More So.—I am glad to see that a plan for producing Italian plays in London is afoot, and that the St. James' Theatre will see the first production on February 13. Cav. Ugo Cattani, Mr. Frederick Whelan and Miss Edith Craig are the moving spirits.

THE RAMBLER.

THE TRIUMPH OF TROUSERS: EVEN BISHOPS!

FOR MANY YEARS, AGAINST A MONOTONOUS BACKGROUND OF TROUSERS, WOMEN AND BISHOPS HAVE STOOD OUT IN WELCOME RELIEF



NOW WOMEN ARE RAPIDLY ADOPTING THEM, AND IT IS SUGGESTED THAT BISHOPS SHALL FOLLOW SUIT—OR RATHER, TROUSERS



The munition girl has made them popular for women workers and now the poor Bishops are being told that they must give up "those absurd gaiters." It is a dull, uniform world!—(By W. K. Haselden.)

billiard match went on, though the artillery certainly did not "wait for the stroke."

As Usual.—The House of Lords showed well-bred calm and aristocratic dignity during the raid. The peers went out to their dinners while the raid was fully "on" and returned at the usual time to go on with the business.

Brave Wounded.—The coolness of Londoners during the raid was amazing. A friend was helping with a concert at a hospital for wounded soldiers, and the show went on just as usual while the guns roared.

Getting On.—I was glad to hear that Sir Powlett Milbanke is getting on well after his operation. These are apt to be serious matters at the age of sixty-five.

Not Too Jubilant.—Artillery officers are, I hear, not very elated over the recent rise in pay. To the R.G.A. it only means an extra "bob" on to the not munificent pay.

Radicals hobnobbing with the I.L.P. I gather that at the next general election several of these gentlemen will be gathered into the Labour-Socialist fold.

Notice to Quit.—The meaning of this is that some prominent pacifists have been disowned by their own Radical associations, and are not likely to stand under their old labels.

"Jerry."—Mr. Jeremiah McVaugh has not been so much to the fore with his witty comments and caustic interjections in the House of Commons. Perhaps his legal studies have interfered, for his friends were congratulating him yesterday on his call to the English Bar.

A Record.—At Chelsea recently I met Sergeant Richards, one of the Surva Bay heroes. He tells me he served twenty-one years in the Army, but only saw one day's active service, when at Gallipoli he lost his leg and gained the V.C. simultaneously.

DID YOUR CHILD WAKE UP CROSS OR FEVERISH?

Look, Mother! If Tongue Is Coated, Give "California Syrup of Figs" to Clean the Bowels.

Mother! Your child isn't naturally cross and peevish. See if the tongue is coated; this is a sure sign that its little stomach, liver and bowels need attention at once.

When listless, pale, feverish, "stuffy" with cold, throat sore when the child has tainted breath and doesn't eat, sleep or naturally, or has stomach-ache, or diarrhoea, remember a gentle liver and bowel cleansing should always be the first treatment given.

Nothing equals "California Syrup of Figs" for children's ills; give a teaspoonful, and in a few hours all the waste matter, sour bile and fermenting food clogged in the bowels pass out of the system, and you have a healthy and playful child again. All children love the harmless, delicious "fig" laxative, and it never fails to effect a good "inside cleansing." Directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are plainly on the bottle.

Keep it handy in your home. A little given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow, but get the genuine. Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then look and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Imitations are sometimes substituted. All leading chemists sell "California Syrup of Figs," 1s. 3d. and 2s. per bottle. Refuse substitutes.

Hopes Women Will Adopt This Habit As Well As Men

Glass of hot water each morning helps us look and feel clean, sweet, fresh.

Happy, bright, alert—vigorous and vivacious—a good clear skin; a natural, rosy complexion and freedom from illness are assured only by clean, healthy blood. If only every woman and likewise every man could realise the wonders of the morning inside bath, what a gratifying change would take place.

Instead of the thousands of sickly, anemic-looking men, women and girls with pasty or muddy complexions; instead of the multitudes of "nerve" wrecks, "run-downs," "brain fags" and pessimists, we should see a virile, optimistic throng of rosy-cheeked people everywhere.

An inside bath is had by drinking, each morning before breakfast, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of a limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour fermentations and poisons, thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Those subject to sick headache, biliousness, nasty breath, rheumatism, colds; and particularly those who have a pallid, sallow complexion and who are constipated very often, are urged to obtain a quarter-pound of limestone phosphate from the chemist, which will cost but a trifle, but is sufficient to demonstrate the quick and remarkable change in both health and appearance awaiting those who practise internal sanitation. We must remember that inside cleanliness is more important than outside, because the skin does not absorb impurities and contaminate the blood, while the pores of the bowels do.

RUB WEAK ACHING BACK, STOPS LUMBAGO.

Rub Backache Away with Small Bottle of Old Honest "St. Jacobs Oil."

Does your back hurt? Can you not straighten yourself up without feeling sudden pains, sharp aches and twinges? Now listen! That's lumbago, sciatica, or perhaps a strain; but whichever it is, instant relief is obtained the moment you rub your back with soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil." Nothing taken out of an aching pain and stiffness so quickly. You simply rub it on your back and out comes the pain. It is perfectly harmless and does not burn the skin.

Do not suffer! Get a small bottle from any chemist, and after using it just once you will forget that you ever had backache, lumbago, or sciatica, because your back will cease to hurt or cause any more misery. "St. Jacobs Oil" never disappoints, and has been recommended for 60 years.

THE REMEMBERS OF A KISS

BY AN ANONYMOUS AUTHOR.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

LORNA PETERSON is in love with a stranger who kissed her six years ago. She is made heirless to fortune on condition that she marries the stranger. At some tableaux in which he is acting with

MOLLY SOMERS, Lorna's friend, Lorna is hurt and confesses that she loves him. She also meets FRANCIS SCOTT, who endeavours to make love to her, but she repulses him. Loughland has been away on a holiday, but has now returned.

"LIKE A MAGNET."

MOTHER and I had dinner alone. "Your holiday has not done you much good, Lorna," she said with a shade of dissatisfaction. "You look pale and worn out."

"My head aches," I said. "I hate travelling, and the train was slow."

I did my best to eat something because I knew she was watching me and wondering a little.

She asked after the Ropers (whom she had only met once and whom I knew she had found too old-fashioned to ever wish to meet again); she asked after Lucile, "that queer little Lucile," she called her; and I answered apathetically that they were all quite well and just the same as ever.

"They always will be," mother said amusedly. "If one were to go there in ten years' time I suppose they would still look just as they do to-day. Did you go to your aunt's old house?"

"I never thought to ever wish to see it," I said. "I suppose I ought to have done. Anyway, it would have been rather sad going back there—without her."

"Possibly," mother agreed. She began to talk about frocks. She said that she had already asked some girls she knew to be my bridesmaids.

"I'd rather have Molly Somers, and Lucile, if I judge and arrange," I said, sharply. I felt all right and at ease. "But there's lots of time to talk about that yet—we may have no wedding."

"There is not quite a month, dear," mother said gently. "And there are so many preparations to be made. I wish we could have gone over to Ireland before you were married."

"I don't think I want to go to Ireland, anyway," I said, obstinately.

"Mr. Scott came to see me at the Ropers," I said, suddenly.

I looked straight at mother as I spoke, and for the first time I saw her with a start. "Really?" she said, as indifferently as she could. "You never told me that he knew the Ropers."

He didn't until I introduced him," I said. There was an uncomfortable silence. I knew what was passing in her thoughts. She was afraid that I was falling in love with Francis Scott, and that at this eleventh hour I was contemplating breaking my engagement with Patrick, and forfeiting Aunt Ann's money.

Francis Scott was rich, I knew, but possibly not so rich as Patrick and I together would be.

I knew she was longing for me to tell her more about him, but she did not ask, and was busy with her needle. I wondered what she would think of Celestine when she knew that it was she who had given him my address.

I excused myself as soon as dinner was over and ran to my room. I took off my frock and slipped into a loose gown and sat down by the fire. I was too tired to even think.

Celestine came to the door.

"Mr. Loughland is downstairs, Miss Peterson."

Every nerve in my body seemed to throb agonisingly and then stand still. My face was turned away, so she could not see how white I had gone, but I gripped the air hard with both hands to keep from crying out.

"I can't come down," I said; "my head is so bad—please tell him, and ask him to excuse me."

But she did not move.

"It's Mr. Patrick Loughland, not Mr. Harry," she said.

I did not answer, and I heard her go away and close the door after her.

She was back almost directly.

"Mr. Loughland says that it's important he should see you, and may he come up?"

I started to my feet.

I knew I must have looked rather queer for she drew back a little in alarm.

"Say I have gone to bed. Say anything you like," I said wildly.

I rushed to the door and looked it as soon as she had gone. I would rather have killed myself than have seen him. I paced up and down the room agitatedly, my heart racing, my pulses on fire.

Then mother came. I heard her voice at the door though I would not open it to her.

"Lorna—let me come in."

"I can't. I don't want you. I want to be left alone," I answered incoherently. "It's no use. I shan't open the door no matter what you say! I'm right—quite all right. I want to be left alone, that's all."

I heard the little impatient sigh she gave and the soft sound of her dress over the carpet as she went slowly away, and it was almost a physical relief to me to restrain myself from calling to her saying that I had changed my mind—that I would see him! I must! No matter what happened. The knowledge that he was downstairs like a magnet drawing me against my will. If I chose, in another moment I could see him—if I chose. . . . Then I heard voices in the hall below and presently the opening and shutting of the front door, and I knew that he had gone.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

There was a note from Patrick in the morning. It let it lie on the tray when Celestine brought in my breakfast without attempting to open it.

I was fully dressed before I broke the seal and read the few hurried lines. He always seemed to write in a hurry—to me, at least.

"I can't understand you," the note began. "You have not written to me and now you won't see me. I shall call in the morning at eleven—P. Loughland."

I almost laughed. He was on his dignity, then. Eleven! I looked at the clock. It was ten already. I changed into my riding habit and went round to Heston's.

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NO MORE ASTHMA

Every asthma sufferer should know that Potter's Asthma Cure gives instant relief. The moment you inhale it the strangling coughing stops, and you breathe easily.



POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE is the best remedy for bronchitis of children. Have you been a martyr to asthma and bronchitis for years? If so, keep it in handy and use when required. Attacks will be prevented and peaceful sleep ensured. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists, herbalists and stores for 1/-.

Sign this Form To-day

and receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Asthmatic? The all round cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis."

To Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Arbury Lane, London, E.C.1. Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure.

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Daily Mirror

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The most striking reductions have been made in the prices of the very highest class dental work. This is a contrast to the general rise in prices everywhere else recorded. Call or Write for Free Book.

"Perfect Teeth."

Repairs While You Wait. Teeth Fitted in Four Hours.

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2013, GRAY'S INN ROAD, KING'S CROSS.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI—(Gerr. 2645.) "The Boy." W. H. Berry. Today, 2 and 8. Mats., Weds. and Sat., at 2.

AMBUSSADORS—Last Week of "Out of Hell." Nightly, 8.15. Matinee, To-morrow and Sat., 2.50.

APOLLO—At 2.30 and 8.15. "Inside the Lines." The Greatest of all Spy Plays. Mats., Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

COMEDY—The musical entertainment with Arthur Playfair. Evgs. 8.15. Mats., Mon., Fri., Sat., 2.15.

CRITICISM—The Celebrated Parcs, A Little Bit of Comedy. Evgs. 8.15. Mats., Mon., Fri., Sat., 2.15.

DALY'S—"The Maid of the Mountains." Tonight and Every Evening, at 8. Matinees, Tues., Sat., at 2.

DURRY LANE—(Gerr. 2688.) "Aladdin." Twice Daily, at 1.30 and 7.30. Box-offices, 10 to 10.

DUKE OF YORK'S—Evgs. 8.30, 8.50, Mats., Wed., Thur. and Sat., at 2.30. "The 13th Chair." Tel. Ger. 314.

GAITEY—(Gerr. 2780.) "The Beauty Spot." With Regine Flood. 8.15. Mats., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.

GARRICK—"The Saving Grace." Matinees, Daily, at 2.30. Evgs. 8.15. Mats., Mon., Fri., Sat., 2.15.

GLOBE—Today, 2.30. Every Evening, at 8. Marie Lohr in "Love in a Cottage." Mats., Wed. and Sat., 2.15.

LYNCH—"The Girl of the Year." Mats., Mon., Fri., Sat., 2.15. Every Evening (except Tues. and Fri.), at 8.30.

SAB MAESTRI—"The Girl of the Year." Mats., Mon., Fri., Sat., 2.15. Every Evening, at 8. Matinees, Tues., Wed., Thurs., 2.15.

KINGSWAY—Bromley Challenger in "When Knights Were Bold." Evgs., Thurs., Sat., 8.15. Mats., Daily, 2.30.

LYCEUM—"Seven Days' Leave." Twice Daily, 2.30 and 7.45. Evgs., Thurs., Sat., 8.15.

LYRIC—(Dor. Keane in "Romance." 2.30 and 8.15. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30. Daily, except Thurs., 2.30.

MAYMONT—"The Mystery of St. George's Hall." at 2.30 and 8.15. Mats., Mon., Fri., Sat., 2.15. Evgs., 8.15.

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These discs were dropped yesterday by a British naval airship which flew over Battersea in connection with the borough's war savings week.

EMERGENCY CORPS UNIFORM.



Mrs. Barclay H. Warburton, daughter of Mr. Wanamaker, is chairman of the Emergency Aid of Pennsylvania. She is wearing the uniform adopted by the organisation.



A YOUNG COLONEL.—Colonel E. J. Kavanagh, D.S.O., M.C., who rose to his present rank at his early age of thirty-one. He is a native of Co. Wexford.



ANOTHER HONOUR.—Sgt. W. Fringle, M.M., D.C.M., E.P.A., who has now been awarded the Meritorious Service Medal. He is serving on the western front.

SNOW-BOUND TRAIN—SEVERE WINTER IN SCOTLAND.



Digging out a train which was buried by snow in the far North of Scotland.



MRS. CHARLES M. HALL, of Montreal, the directress of the Nurses' Hostel opened in London by the Canadian Red Cross Society. Her husband has been mentioned.



Two big engines ploughing their way slowly through a drift. The snowdrifts in the Highlands this year have been the deepest experienced since 1895.

SOLDIER CHARGED WITH MURDER.



George Harman, the Canadian soldier, who is charged with the murder of a barmaid.

LADY RHONDDA TASTES THE SOUP.



Lady Rhondda opened a new public kitchen at Holloway yesterday.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

DID YOUR CHILD WAKE UP CROSS OR FEVERISH?

Look, Mother! If Tongue Is Coated, Give "California Syrup of Figs" to Clean the Bowels.

Mother! Your child isn't naturally cross and peevish. See if the tongue is coated; this is a sure sign that its little stomach, liver and bowels need attention at once.

When listless, pale, feverish, "stuffy" with cold, throat sore: when the child has tainted breath and doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, or has stomach-ache or diarrhoea, remember a gentle liver and bowel cleansing should always be the first treatment given.



Nothing equals "California Syrup of Figs" for children's ills; give a teaspoonful, and in a few hours all the waste matter, sour bile and fermentation of one week or there in ten years' time I suppose they would still look just as they do to-day. Did you go to your aunt's old house? "I never thought about it," I said guiltily. "I suppose I ought to have done. Anyway, it would have been rather sad going back there—without her."

"Possibly," mother agreed. She began to talk about frocks. She said that she had already asked some girls she knew to be my bridesmaids. "I'd rather have Molly Somers, and Lucile, if I must have anyone," I said, sharply. I felt all on edge and unstrung. "But there's lots of time to talk about that—we may have no wedding."

"That is not quite the month, dear," mother said gently. "And there are so many preparations to be made. I wish we could have gone over to Ireland before you were married—I should have liked to have seen what sort of home you are to have. But I dare say you will invite me to stay with you afterwards?"

"I don't think I will live in Ireland, anyway," I said, obstinately.

"But Mr. Scott came to see me at the Ropers," I said, suddenly.

I looked straight at mother as I spoke, and for the first time I saw her flush a little.

"Really!" she said, as indifferently as she could. "You never told me that he knew the Ropers."

"He didn't until I introduced him," I said. There was an uncomfortable silence. I knew what was passing in her thoughts. She said she was falling in love with Francis Scott, and that at this eleventh hour I was contemplating breaking my engagement with Patrick, and forfeiting Aunt Ann's money. Francis Scott was rich, I knew, but possibly not so rich as Patrick, and I thought I would be.

I knew she was longing for me to tell her more about him, but she did not ask, and I was not in the mood to volunteer. I wondered what she would think of Celestine when she knew that I was the one who had given him my address.

I excused myself as soon as dinner was over and went to my room. I took off my frock and slipped into a loose gown and sat down by the fire. Celestine came to the door.

"Mr. Loughland is downstairs, Miss Peterson."

My nerve in my body seemed to throb agonisingly and then stand still. My face was turned away, so she could not see how white I had gone, but I gripped the chair back with both hands to keep from crying out.

"I can't come down," I said. "My head is so bad—please tell him, and ask him to excuse me."

But she did not move.

"Is Mr. Patrick Loughland, not Mr. Harry," she said.

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She was back almost directly.

"Mr. Loughland says that it's important he should see you, and may he come up?"

I started to my feet. "No."

I knew I must have looked rather queer for she drew back a little in alarm.

"Say I have gone to bed. Say anything you like," I said wildly.

I rushed to the door and looked it as soon as she had gone. I would rather have killed myself than have seen him. I paced up and down the room agitatedly, my heart racing, my pulses on fire.

Then mother came. I heard her voice at the door though I would not open it to her.

"Lorna—leave me alone."

"I can't," I answered incoherently. "It's no use. I shan't open the door no matter what you say! Yes, I'm all right—quite all right. I want to be left alone, that's all."

I heard the little impatient sigh she gave and the soft sound of her dress over the carpet as she went slowly away, and it was almost a physical effort for me to restrain myself from calling her to my door. I had changed my mind—that I would see him. I must! No matter what happened. The knowledge that he was downstairs was like a magnet drawing me against my will. If I chose, in another moment I could be in his arms. I heard the faint voices in the hall below and presently the opening and shutting of the front door, and I knew that he had gone.

THE REMEMBERED KISS

WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

LORNA PETERSON is in love with a stranger who kissed her six years ago. She is made heiress to a fortune on condition that she marries the stranger.

PATRICK LOUGHLAND, whom she recognises as the stranger. At some tableaux in which he is acting with

MOLLY SOMERS, Lorna's friend, Lorna is hurt and confesses that she loves him. She also meets FRANCIS SCOTT, who endeavours to make love to her, but she repulses him. Loughland has been away on a holiday, but has now returned.

"LIKE A MAGNET."

MOTHER and I had dinner alone. "Your holiday has not done you much good, Lorna," she said with a shade of dissatisfaction. "You look pale and worn out."

"My head aches," I said. "I hate travelling, and the train was slow."

"My best to eat something because I knew she was watching me and wondering a little. She asked after the Ropers (whom she had only met once and whom I knew she had found too old-fashioned to ever wish to meet again); she asked after Lucile, that queer little girl, Lucile," she called her; and I answered apathetically that they were all quite well and just the same as ever.

"They always will be," mother said amiably. "If one were to go there in ten years' time I suppose they would still look just as they do to-day. Did you go to your aunt's old house?"

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(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

There was a note from Patrick in the morning. I let it lie on the tray when Celestine brought it, and breakfast without attempting to open it.

I was fully dressed before I broke the seal and read the few hurried lines. He always seemed to write in a hurry—to me, at least! "I can't understand you," the note began. "You have not written to me and now you seem to see me. I shall call in the morning at eleven." P. Loughland.

I almost laughed. He was on his dignity, then! Eleven! I looked at the clock. It was ten already. I changed into my riding habit and went round to Heston's.



Lorna Peterson.

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GATHERING CLOUDS.

MOLLY SOMERS was there, and I asked if she would come for a ride with me. I didn't feel like my awkward, but she said, "I don't see a little glimmer of relief in her eyes as she answered that she would be pleased."

We went out over the heath. It was a dull, cloudy sort of morning, but there was a faint breath of spring, too, and Molly said, sniffing the air appreciatively—

"I really believe the winter has gone, you know."

"I wish I had," I said wistfully. "We rode on a little way in silence; then she asked abruptly—

"Where are you going to live?" "She didn't add, 'when you are married,' but of course that is what she meant."

"I don't know," I said. "I don't even know if I shall be married yet," I added recklessly. "Lorna!" she said, aghast.

"Well, does anybody ever know anything?" I asked, trying to laugh. "All sorts of things may happen. Why, I may even break my neck this morning and put a very definite ending to it."

"You will, if you ride as recklessly as you do sometimes," she said nervously. "Even Heston was anxious the other day. He said that Mr. Loughland had no right to let you take such risks. You were with him when you passed us, but you didn't see us."

"Mr. Loughland couldn't stop me, whatever I wanted to do," I said hardily. "But I'm not likely to break my neck—I was only in fun—I don't want to die yet."

"Have you ever been to Ireland, Molly?" I asked suddenly.

"Yes," she said. "Once—I didn't care for it very much, though; we were right in the country—it was so wild and rugged—"

"You must come and stay with me if I do get married, Molly," I said, after a pause. "I dare say I shall be dull enough—I'm going to ask all my friends—not that I've got very many," I added cynically.

"I should like to come," she said, but she looked away.

"You wouldn't like to be my bridesmaid, I suppose," I said. "I asked recklessly."

"Mother wants me to have Alicia Stanley, but I don't like her much—I hardly know her—but you—"

"I hardly know me," Molly said, "but I will, if you really would like me to."

"I'll tell mother," I said. "And you can choose the frocks—Lucile will be pleased with anything—she's about the same colour as you—"

"I'll tell her to be the other bridesmaid," I explained.

"I see." There was a little warm flush in Molly's pretty face, and her eyes were rather misty as she looked at me.

"I hope we shall always be friends, Lorna," she said shyly.

"I hope so, too," I said, rather hoarsely. "I want a friend rather badly—sometimes," I said.

I felt as if in those few words we had made a compact, and I am sure she must have felt it, too, for in all that happened afterwards she stood by me the best and truest friend anyone could be.

We stayed out a long time. I did not want to go home, because I was sure I should find Patrick, and though I had thought of nothing all night and all the morning but what I should say to him, I knew I was totally unprepared.

However, I suppose I might have guessed that it would be useless trying to avoid him, for when we rode into Heston's yard he was there waiting for us.

He never looked at Molly—his eyes went straight to me, and I saw the dull flush that rose from his chin to his brow as he came forward to help me down.

I would have refused his assistance, but it was not possible before Molly and the groom. I had to take his hand and submit to his arm round me as he led me to the ground.

"I don't see the war waiting—are you ready?" he asked politely.

"We'll drive Molly home," I said, hurriedly. "Molly," I raised my voice to call to her, but she would not hear of it. She had to meet someone, she said—and, besides, it was out of my way to take her.

As Mr. Loughland handed me in to the car his grey eyes met mine with a sort of burning anger.

"I'm sorry you'll have to put up with my company unchaperoned," he said, shortly.

"I tried to laugh," I said, lightly. "Not for the first time," I said, lightly.

You be sorry if you miss to-morrow's thrilling instalment.

NO MORE ASTHMA

Every asthma sufferer should know that Potter's Asthma Cure gives instant relief. The moment you inhale it the strangling coughing stops, and you breathe easily.



POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE
Is the best remedy for bronchitis of children. Have you been a martyr to asthma and bronchitis for years? It is a cure in a box, and use when required. Attacks will be prevented and peace secured. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists, herbalists and stores for 1/-.

Sign this Form To-day

and receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?" Tells all about the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis.

To Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.C. Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure.

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Complete Sets from 15/-

The most striking reductions have been made in the prices of the best quality artificial teeth. This is a contrast to the general rise in prices everywhere else recorded. Call or Write for Free Book.

Repairs White Out Wait. Teeth Fitted in Four Hours.

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ALSO AT 718 & 20, OXFORD STREET, W.
141, NEWINGTON CAUSEWAY, S.E. 14.
2913, GRAY'S INN ROAD, KING'S CROSS.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADOLPHI.—(Gerr. 2645). "The Boy." W. H. Berry. To-day, at 2 and 8. Mat., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.15. **AMBRASSE**.—Last week of "Out of Hell." Nightly, 8.15. Matinee, To-morrow and Sat., 2.30.

APOLLO.—At 2.30 and 8.15. "The Greatest of All Show Plays." Mat., Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30. **COMEDY**.—"Bubbs," musical entertainment, with Arthur Playfair. 8.15. Mat., Mon., Fri., Sat., 2.15.

CELESTION.—"The Celebrated Farce, 'A Little Bit of Fluff.'" To-day and 8.30. Mat., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. **DUKE OF YORKS**.—Evenings, 8.30. Mat., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. 13th. Chit., "Beauty Spot," with Regine Froy. To-day, at 2 and 8. Mat., Wed., Sat., 2.30. **DUKE OF YORKS**.—Evenings, 8.30. Mat., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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PERSONAL.

CLOTHING, Boots, Watches, etc. 5s. monthly; list free.—Masters, Ltd., General Merchants, Rye, Sussex. (Listed, 1909.)

LADIES are wanted for the Royal Naval Air Service as Motor Drivers. Those who are capable of passing the test we can train you in 14 days and make you a qualified driver.—Apply, The Motor Drivers' Licensing Bureau, 10, High Street, Brighton, Sussex, S.W.4. (Book to Hammersmith and take train to our door.)

HAIR permanently removed from face, neck, arms, legs, etc.—Florence Wood, 475, Oxford-st., W.1.

Daily Mirror

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These discs were dropped yesterday by a British naval airship which flew over Battersea in connection with the borough's war savings week.

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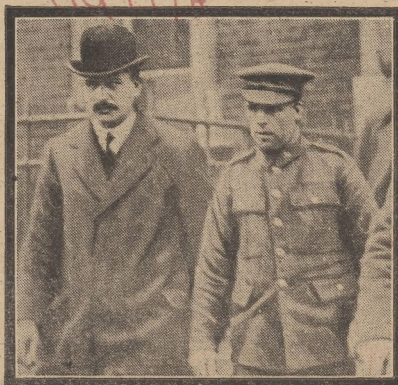


MRS. CHARLES M. HALL, of Montreal, the directress of the Nurses' Red Cross Hostel opened in London by the Canadian Red Cross. Her husband has been mentioned.



Two big engines ploughed their way slowly. The snowdrifts in the Highlands this year have been the deepest experienced since 1895.

SOLDIER CHARGED WITH MURDER.



George Harman, the Canadian soldier, who is charged with the murder of a barmaid.

LADY RHONDDA TASTES THE SOUP.



Lady Rhondda opened a new public kitchen at Holloway yesterday. (Daily Mirror photograph.)